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1917

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If not, you, like this girl, should begin tonight to get the benefit of this famous skin treatment, which will bring to your skin the delicate color, the fresher freshness and clearness you have always wanted.

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Every day as old skin dies, new skin forms in its place. This is just opportunity. By the proper external means, or you can make the new skin get what you would love to give it.

Begin this famous skin treatment tonight.

Begin tonight to get the benefit of this skin specialist's soap for your skin.

Once a day, either night or morning, but preferably just before retiring, dip a wash cloth in water warm and hold it to your face until the skin is softened. Then lather your cloth well with Woodbury's Facial Soap and warm water. Apply it to your face and distribute the lather thoroughly.

Now, with the tips of your fingers, work this cleansing, absorbent lather into your skin, always with an upward and

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The first time you use this treatment you will begin to notice the change it is going to make in your skin. This treatment keeps new skin so active that the new delicate skin which forms every day cannot help taking in that golden tenderness for which you have longed. In ten days or two weeks your skin should show a marked improvement—a promise of that golden tenderness, freshness and clearness which the dark, oily Woodbury's Facial Soap will bring.

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FOREWORD

No marble shaft shall mark you where he lies,
Nor epitaph announce aloud his fame,
But in the hearts of men will last the name
Of him whom Freedom called to high empire.



O man of sober men and patient pose,

You did what others thought or talked about:

You worked and served, with honors or without,

Nor recked the blame of demagogic noise.

You died as you had lived—on duty bound—

And while without you shall the work be done,

Still, we had hoped that Europe's cause had won

Before grim Death his summons had to sound.

Yet, when the fairer days on England dawn,

May busy hours not lead us to forget

That all mankind do owe to you a debt—

That, after stern debate, your work went on.

—OWEN E. MCGILLICUDDY



Painted by MacGowan (Macdonald), R. Adams

THE START OF CONFEDERATION

The meeting between John A. Macdonald and George Brown when a tacit agreement was made for the breaking of the Deadlock. The two men had not spoken for nearly ten years and there was cordial personal dislike on both sides. Both men, however, recognized the need for Confederation and decided to "bury the hatchet."

MACLEAN'S

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The Story of Confederation

By Thomas Bertram

With Frontispiece by C. W. Jeffries

THE LOGICAL start for a story of Confederation is perhaps the draft made in 1840 when John A. Macdonald and George Brown, political opponents and personal enemies of long standing, met on the floor of the Assembly at Quebec and solemnly shook hands as a pact which had for its immediate object the breaking of the deadlock in the Government of Upper and Lower Canada, but which in reality was a first step toward the main objective—the union of all British colonies in North America. The movement really started there.

It is impossible to say when the idea of a Confederation first received substance, but it was probably soon after the formation of Independence by the American colonies. From time to time the project was revived. Ambitious Governments wrote letters about it and patriotic Canadians dreamed of a great federation that would permanently bind the scattered Canadian provinces to the British Empire.

Unquestionably there was grave need for Confederation; and this necessity became very pronounced in the early fifties. There was the problem of transportation that could not be adequately solved as long as the provinces remained apart. Postal facilities were slow and unsatisfactory.

Many prominent Canadians favored unionization and received open encouragement in their stand from the British Government itself. Canada was, as a matter of fact, somewhat of a witness to the same authorities at this time. Not only was the problem of handling half a dozen more or less inarticulate provinces a vexatious one, but Canadian interests were continually being up to the mark in the United States, and British relations with Uncle Sam were more or less strained at this time without relaxed attempts to add fuel to the flames. It is perhaps not strange that such men as John Bright favored unionization and that Gladstone, making peace with the United States above everything, actually went to

the length of suggesting the giving over of Canada as a sop to the American Congress. This seemed but two alternatives before the Canadian provinces—Confederation or Annexation. That no clear Confederation was due to the work and the forethought of a number of patriots and able men, and in the forefront of this group two stood out—John A. Macdonald and George Brown.

BY THE Act of Union of 1841 the two provinces now known as Ontario and Quebec, but then an Upper and Lower Canada, were being ruled together. Par-

liament sat alternately at Toronto and Quebec and governments and parties were for the most part joint affairs. This arrangement was not proving very satisfactory. Ontario was developing rapidly along individual lines and with the resultant growth in size, was clearing for itself a separate position. The French Canadians of Quebec, fearful of their rights in the Ontario Parliament, put the upper hand in the House, fought back determinedly on the grounds of constitutional privilege. Government came and went, cabinets assembled and disrupted, members fought each other across the floor of the House with the weapons of verbal vituperation. It was a quarrelsome era in politics.

The two outstanding figures in the turmoil were the two men destined to play such prominent parts in the making of the Dominion.

JOHN A. MACDONALD was the leader of the Conservative party in Ontario. He was the most accomplished parliamentarian in the annals of Canadian politics, adroit, more crafty, unscrupulous, a believer in the glad hand rather than the mailed fist. Macdonald preferred to make friends rather than enemies, but he was rather rough as he appeared in the stern and implacable game of politics. Brown, on the other hand, was a man of his own opinion, dignified, that Macdonald's career was "clouded all along by the prominence of his slaughtered colleague."

There had always been dislike and open animosity between Macdonald and Brown. Brown was the former editor of the Toronto Globe and leader of the Liberal wing in Ontario. He was a Scotman with all the best qualities of his race; a man of lofty ideals who stood sincerely to them and showed at his best when the words of adversity blew. True to type, he was grim, unyielding, implacable. He fought the cause of Liberalism with the order of a General,

Mr. Charles Tupper, whose remarks were brought into the House



and when he spoke it was with straight swinging blows like the sweep of a cleaver. The raucous of Macdonald irritated the other Brown who read into it only uncertainty.

This anxiety was fanned into an open flame shortly after the Tache-Macdonald government was first formed in 1868. On the question of separate schools in Ontario, fanned by the Government, Brown fought strenuously in opposition. He rose in the Assembly and characterized it as "the only [?] proceeding to Ray Macdonald is a more than usual emergency measure. Macdonald was staying into a request in the moment he landed Brown with irregularities in connection with an investigation in which the latter had figured. Brown's conduct in that connection was afterwards considered, but he never forgave Macdonald. For years they did not speak.

A First Glimpse of the Capital—on the Early Days of the Federation.

The long silence remained unbroken up to the time of the Quebec of 1894. The spirit of governing the two provinces was not really broken down like the wheel of an imperfect wheel. Inside of three years two general elections were held and the minorities were formed only to go the way of all governments which lack majority support. And in 1894, with the defeat of the Tache-Macdonald government, while the House at Quebec, the wheels changed again. It seemed impossible to form a government which could control a majority in the House. The business of Government threatened to stop.

The only solution that forethought men could see was a confederation of all provinces. George Brown saw the need and he rose to the occasion with a simplicity of purpose that shall forever prove the superiority of the leader of the Liberal Opposition he could have remained the dock in the hope of ultimately emerging with a Liberal Government and a majority. Unquestionably this is the course that most party leaders would have pursued. But there was nothing of the opportunistic about George Brown. He saw that patriotic ends demanded unity, that Confederation could not be won while serious differences remained the sacred cloak of party government. He determined to sacrifice manicate party aims in favor of a purely patriotic duty.

ON THE evening of Tuesday, June 14, Brown rose to Alexander Morris and John Brown. Both men were members with whom he happened to be on a footing of intimacy, and as pressed his willingness to help the government through the difficulty. The two senators hurried to Macdonald with the glad news.

The two leaders, who had not spoken for nearly six years, met next day on the floor of the House. The meeting had been carefully arranged by their indiscreet assistants. The two men—both men were proud and neither used to



listen, men across the floor to whom the answer Brown stood and, throwing his arms across the table, spoke with such confidence and exuberance.

In Ontario the news carried amazement in its wake. Macdonald and Brown in the same government? Liberals, who believed the Conservative leader to be the Master of Canadian politics—a smooth, subtle, and, therefore, to be doubly feared—shook their heads in doubt and wonder. The speaker at last dawned Brown into the web of his "ambush." Would the domineering Liberal be the "architect victim of this all?" he pointed gravely the lead to "stand the ironmouth of the detested Macdonald!"

But, on a second thought, the self-sacrifice of Brown was approved. Men came to see that the only way to avoid action that a permanent rift would be from of the Liberal.

But, on a second thought, the self-sacrifice of Brown was approved. Men came to see that the only way to avoid action that a permanent rift would be from of the Liberal.

In Quebec the storm raged furiously. During the leader of the Liberals, went out on the stump and stirred the Halcyons up against it. Carter, however, who led the Lower Canadian wing of the Conservative party and who had gone into the rebellion could stand staunchly by the members and succeeded in keeping the members from the Lower Province on line.

IN THE meantime down in Nova Scotia Mr. Charles Tupper, Premier of the Legislative body, was working for the same cause. The Nova Scotians had been inclined to doubt a union, in the abstract, but had shown a degree of uncertainty and even suspicion when it came to the discussion of any concrete proposals. They looked upon the people of the two westerly provinces as "Yankees." Tupper, therefore, was playing a dangerous game in so boldly repeating the claim, as expressed in his own words, of the fact that he had always been in the office of a dangerous enemy in the person of the famous Joe Brown. One of the most brilliant men that Nova Scotia had ever produced was Joe Brown—a politician of the first water, a brilliant speaker, a hard fighter. He was easily regarded as the outstanding figure in the province at the time and his views on so broad a question were bound to attract the attention more than any other factor. Tupper, brilliant, fearless and egotistical, had been bound to challenge the claims of Brown and there was no love lost between them.

How did not, however, declare himself at the time and Tupper called a conference of provincial representatives to meet at Charlottetown. He carried Brown, but the latter in his capacity as Imperial Commissioner of the Nova Scotia was unable to be present. Representatives

were on hand from all the provinces and some progress was made. This was in September, 1864, and on October 11, the Conference met again in Quebec. Premier Tache took the chair and the historic debates, which led to the formation of the basis on which Confederation was finally formed, began.

IT IS interesting to note how carefully the subject was approached. The delegates knew that they were to discuss the subject. The people of all classes that each group represented had certain interests to be safeguarded, certain privileges to be secured or certain restrictions to be placed for the personal question was not entered strongly. Finally, no one so clearly that each man knew his opponents would assume any phase of the proceedings to attack him later. And so there was much talk of generosity and a great deal of jockeying was away and another. And careful steps were taken to preserve an accurate record.

Journalists from London and New York had flocked in to report the proceedings. It was decided at the opening session, however, that the reports would be the private and that nothing would be given out, such as the charges of the newspapers. The serious question of the newspapermen on the subject, but the original session was adjourned. Accordingly the newspaper men gathered about the streets and hotels of Quebec and picked up what news they could from individual delegates. The second they got to the actual meetings was the sound of the cheering that sometimes reached them—telling evidence that progress was being made.

IT WAS apparent from the start that the leading in the Conference was in favor of Confederation as a principle. When it came to a discussion of terms, however, each group was prepared to fight tooth and nail, to demand everything that a suspicious electorate at home deemed necessary, to block progress, even to words. That the Conference worked its way steadily through each stage, saving occasionally here and there afterwards, was due to the masterly strategy of the leaders. A number took prominent parts in the forthright debate, including Brown, Tupper, Cartier, Gait and others, but when all is said and done Macdonald held the centre of the stage. It was he who first assumed a mastery of the situation which he never lost from that stage on. Brown was being assisted by a false spirit of belief in the need for Confederation, but Macdonald, once he became convinced that it was a wise thing to do, carried through the Confederation problem with wonderful diplomacy and finesse. It is more than doubtful if any one else could have accomplished the feat. He was not a fairly spoken blade that cut the knots that men's greed and jealousy and misunderstanding tied. He was the Quebec Conference on Macdonald was in the saddle. The work that George Brown's hand kept lightly to a canoe had needed people to do the work that only he possessed.

The first problem was that of representation in the proposed Federal House. It was finally, and with comparative ease, settled that the Lower Province

(now Quebec) should be made the permanent base with forty-five members. The other provinces were to have representation according to population based on the Quebec basis. Five equal arrangements—and a pretty problem this, covering the adjustment of provincial debts—were managed very ably by Alexander Gait and James Leonard Kilgour, the latter from New Brunswick; complete accord being reached on these points.

The next point where the debate waxed warm was on the constitution of the Senate or Upper House. Many delegates favored an elective Senate, but both Brown and Macdonald favored a Senate in the Upper Chamber, arguing that it should be made to approximate as closely as possible the constitution of the British House of Lords. This view finally prevailed and thus the house were laid down on which the Red Chamber was to be elected. It should be pointed out, however, that the view of the Fathers of Confederation was to fill the Upper Chamber with equal members from each party. Macdonald himself drove this principle into the award. During his long tenure of office following Confederation he was appointed but was Liberal in the Senate? The precedent thus set has been followed since and now the Senate's appointments are admittedly a party prerogative and the logic is not out along with the other species of ritual.

The proposed constitution was finally embodied in seventy-two resolutions and on October 26 the Conference broke up. The delegates, pledged to the agreement, returned to their respective provinces to fight for ratification.

It soon developed that the heredit



Macdonald, Brown, and Tupper in the House of Commons, Ottawa, in the Days When the Confederation Issue Was Fought.

part of the trick was ahead. The Canadian Government decided to push the issue in the Canadian, and on Feb. 3, 1869, Macdonald introduced the Quebec resolutions. The debate that ensued was a remarkable one, complete records of which fortunately have been preserved. In favor of Confederation on the lower end in the Resolution were Macdonald, Brown, Cartier, Galt and the eloquent d'Ampy McGee, who so soon after died at the hands of an assassin. The opposition was led by the more vocal and more vocal speakers against the proposal were Brown, the fiery leader of the Rouges, Sir John A. Macdonald, Haller and Deane. It is interesting to note that among the arguments advanced against the proposal was the suggestion, put forward by Brown, that the Grand Trunk Railway was behind the scheme.

However, the resolutions finally carried by a vote of 31 to 21. That Upper Canada (now Ontario) was very strongly in favor of Confederation was shown by the Upper Canada vote, which went 54 to 8. Thanks largely to the strength of Cartier the Lower Province also showed a majority by the vote of 31 to 25.

At the close of the session a delegation left for England, consisting of Macdonald, Brown, Cartier and Galt. Macdonald and Brown carried the heaviest load, completely at their state and worked together in close accord and with complete unselfish unity for the good of the cause. They played a subtle together on the last and appeared together in public after their arrival in England whenever the occasion demanded.

IN THE other colonies, however, things were not going well. On finding how small their representation would be, Prince Edward Island and Newfoundland promptly dropped out. In New Brunswick, Tupper, who headed the Government, went to the colonies on the question and was fairly soundly beaten. This was due in some degree at least to the influence of the Lieutenant-Governor of New Brunswick, who probably feared a loss of prestige under the new arrangement.

In the colonies Tupper had been proceeding cautiously on Nova Scotia. He knew that the people were, to put it mildly, lukewarm. All that was needed was giving them some active opposition was a leader. Accordingly Tupper kept a wary eye on Joe Howe. The latter said not a word.

Finally Tupper began a series of public meetings to present the Quebec Resolutions, and invited the Hon. Sir R. B. Hallifax, Brown and on the platform. He contested himself with the rule of later, however, and the meeting on the whole went off well.

The sentiment against Confederation began to grow and mature. Northerners were kept from all traces of the province. Nova Scotia was being bought and delivered to the larger Western provinces; her future would be restricted, her people curtailed, as far as the voice of public opinion. Men wondered why Joe Howe did not declare himself. The Acta seemed

to tell it for granted that the great Joe would be with them and they waited for him to take the leadership.

Finally one day the Halifax Chronicle, which was edited by William Anson, a prominent Anti, came out with a front-page headline headed, "The Bothering Scheme, No. 1." It proved a sweeping attack on Confederation as laid down in the Quebec Resolutions, written in a grandiose, arching style that could not be mistaken. Although no signature was appended the voice was the voice of Howe. The Acta rocked with delight. At last

Sir Leonard Tilley, the leader of the movement in New Brunswick.



the Sphinx had declared himself. Joe Howe was on the warpath.

From that point on the opposition gained momentum and it became apparent that the outward feeling of the people of Nova Scotia was against the Union. Joe Howe returned to present the Bitterbone Scheme with a vigor that increased with each blow. Tupper decided to go slowly.

THE DELEGATION from the Canadas returned from England, having accomplished a great deal in the matter of bringing the Imperial authorities into full sympathy and accord. That danger had not gone as expeditiously as had been hoped for, however, was apparent. Lord Monck, the Governor-General, was openly resistant. He hoped to have the re-nomination of the Union on a confederating point of his viceregal period and it took all the tact of Macdonald to prevent him from resigning.

Then another complication arose. Sir Edmund Tache, the only man under whom both Macdonald and Brown could serve,

died in July of that year. Lord Monck called upon Macdonald to form a government and Brown promptly and emphatically declined to continue in the position under his old rival. He was probably justified in this step, even though it threatened to block the progress toward Confederation if it did not defeat the project entirely. The motion ceased to be a coalition when one party to the agreement was given acceptance over the other and it was very doubtful if Brown would have been able to carry the support of the Ontario Liberals had he acquiesced. Sir Tache, however, had been active as it said they would probably have not been much other than his rivalry to the rule of the Conservative leader.

Macdonald came to the position naturally. The charge that he was actually throughout by desire for power only broke down here. His sweeping office and leaving Brown go out he stood a chance of gathering enough support around him to retain power. Instead, he declared and proposed to Brown that the previous arrangement remain in force and that they act together under the nominal leadership of Sir Narcisse Belieu. To this suggestion Brown assented and Belieu became premier in succession to Tache.

It soon became apparent, however, that this was not going to work out well from the standpoint of the Liberals. Belieu was not a strong man compared with such men as Macdonald and Brown and his group of the men was purely nominal. Macdonald was the pulse agent, the power in everything but name. Brown felt that he had better to act. He was waiting patiently for the culmination of the Union negotiations. There can be no doubt that he intended as soon as the great project had been successfully negotiated, to break the former alliance. His patience more than bore him when he was asked in the matter of a conference with Washington for a new arrangement. In a new arrangement, Tache and in December he tendered his resignation.

Brown's action was loudly applauded by the Liberals of Ontario, but it was characteristic of him that his formal recognition of the role of Opposition leader did not result in an active harnessing of the government. He remained as favorable to Confederation as he had ever been. The personal truce with Macdonald ended, however, with a snap. From that time on the Liberal leader fought the active Conservative with all the old vigor and the Galtie rattled his every weapon. It may be that they dropped back into the old habit of not speaking.

THE YEAR 1866 saw change take a better form. Prince Edward Island remained out and Newfoundland turned an obdurate ear, but the freedom of New Brunswick was reversed. It was wanted to the Lieutenant-Governor that the Imperial authorities did not approve and, like the War of 1861, he experienced a shakeup of heart.

Also about this time the fear of Fenian

A reproduction from the official printing of the men who formed the conference together at which the agreement between the various provinces was reached. The original, unfortunately, was burned in the fire which destroyed the House of Commons last year.

THE FATHERS OF CONFEDERATION



Joseph Howe, the brilliant leader of the Reform Movement.



radicals grew and the people of New Brunswick began to think they had made a mistake in electing to treat the leader fervently. The Lieutenant-Governor, Mr. Arthur Gordon, took the situation into his own hands in a way that were that affect his province adversely, although his career seems to have been hardly constitutional. The Premier, Mr. A. J. Smith (afterwards Sir Albert Smith), who had swept in on the Anti-Confederate wave, had a cabinet under him of a very unstable nature. Some of his colleagues wavered, others went over secretly to the Confederation cause. It is even said that Smith himself had a change of heart and renounced his march to the Lieutenant-Governor. At the same time in 1866, the latter practically forced the resignation of the Smith government and the issue was again put to the test of a general election. The result was another triumph for the Union in the vote of Union. On Jan. 21, by a vote of 20 to 12, delegates were appointed to proceed to England and arrange a scheme of Union with the Imperial authorities.

It seems clear that the defeat of Tilley in the first place was due to over-confidence. He brought on the election inadvisably before the people had had an opportunity to thoroughly digest the proposals. It was a very verdict, as the subsequent election showed.

Howe" (to use Macdonald's words) the country was in a mood that verged close to revolution.

Early in April, however, an incident occurred that changed the whole course of events. William Miller, member for Richmond, and a supporter of Howe and Macdonald, but in the House and suggested that delegates be appointed to treat directly with the Imperial authorities and thus forestall a scheme of union independent of the Quebec resolutions. This suggestion, proceeding as it did from an opponent of Tupper, came as a golden opportunity. Tupper, experienced parliamentarian that he was, saw that Miller's idea had opened the path by which he could steer Nova Scotia into the Union without appearing to run contrary to public opinion. His agency to his first attempt before Miller had resumed his seat and put the suggestion into a motion.

The debate that ensued was a bitter one, but Tupper was not, and on April 10 of the midnight the Legislature adopted the motion by a vote of thirty-one to twenty.

It was afterwards charged that Miller's part was not an honorable one and that the estate Tupper arranged with him to introduce the suggestion. In later years, when Miller was a member of the Senate, he well developed on this point against him a Halifax agent, who testified that the charge was entirely unfounded and that the matter rested.

AND SO delegates from Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick and Nova Scotia began to assemble in London toward the close of the year. On December 4, the first session of the Conference was held in Westminster Palace. Lord Carnarvon was in the chair. The delegates in attendance were Macdonald, Gordon, Gait, Macdougall, Hays, Lang and Langens from Canada; Tupper, Henry, Ritchie, McNulty and Archibald from Nova Scotia; John Johnston, Mitchell, Fisher and Wilton from New Brunswick. Brown, of course, had lost his place by resigning. Curiously enough Sir Thomas D'Arcy, the nominal Premier of Canada, was not one of the delegates.

THE SUCCESS of the Conference is a term generally ascribed to the adroit manner in which Macdonald guided the

proceedings. It was an easy task. Each group of delegates was on the one side for anything that might appear prejudicial to their particular interests. The Liberals from Upper Canada wanted an extension from the Quebec resolutions upon which George Brown had set the seal of his approval. The Lower Canadians were sensitive to anything that might tend to restrict their constitutional rights. The Maritime delegates were frankly there to be appeased and reconciled. Any uniformly move or unhappy reference might have precipitated a break among any or all of the factions.

Macdonald took the proceedings in hand and carefully guided the cumbersome bulk of matters suggested through the swirling shoals. British delegates who attended the proceedings went away marveling at his address and wonderful tact. The main points of agreement were gradually worked out and in the main the Quebec resolutions were adhered to. An interesting discussion arose on the point of the name to be given to the new Confederation. The Maritime members advanced the name Acadia, which would almost certainly have been adopted in the event of a union of the Maritime Provinces only. It was rejected as too local. Other names that found favor were Britannia and New Britain and a host of less likely ones were suggested, such as Columbia, Coblenz and Canada. Finally, however, the delegates agreed on Canada and it was decided that the Upper and Lower provinces in surrendering their name would seek new names of their own; and in time Quebec and Ontario were duly adopted.

The next point that arose was with reference to the name of the new

Sir Edmund Carleton, who was responsible for bringing the Lower Provinces (Quebec) into line.



Messages From Canadian Premiers

WRITTEN FOR MACLEAN'S MAGAZINE



SIR LOMER GOUIN
Premier of Quebec

and enthusiastic part with its sister provinces in the worthy celebration of the fifth anniversary of Confederation. Despite the crushing atmosphere of mourning which now weighs so heavily upon our country, the coming First of July will be a day of national pride, as well for the Canadians who inhabit the shores of the St. Lawrence, as for those who live in the Maritime Provinces, in Ontario, and in the fertile plains of the West.

Providence has given us a great and a goodly land to dwell in and to develop, and the people of the Province of Quebec, the oldest and the largest of the provinces, will continue in the future, as in the past, to do their full part towards assuring the future greatness and happiness of the entire Dominion, by inculcating and by practising the virtues of piety, industry and thrift, and by striving to promote that loyalty to our institutions which they have so well illustrated in their past history, and that generous union of hearts and minds so well typified for them in the conquest of 1867, whose Jubilee we are about to celebrate. By no Canadians anywhere are the praises of our great Dominion more loyally and more enthusiastically sung than by those whose favorite national air is:

"O Canada, mon pays, mes amours!"

Lomer Gouin

ON this Jubilee of Confederation let our justifiable pride in Canada's achievements be a source of inspiration for greater efforts and a fuller realization of our possibilities. What our country has done in the past fifty years, though truly unparelleled, is only the stepping-stone to what it can do in the future. Canada's capabilities have been proven; it is for us to realize upon them. Let it be ours to fit this Dominion to be the home of happy and prosperous millions, the bulwark of free and democratic institutions, and the lasting glory of the British Empire.

H. A. Hewitt



SIR WILLIAM HEARST
Premier of Ontario

It may be doubted that when the Confederation of the Provinces of Canada was effected the Fathers of Confederation foresaw, in its entirety, an inalienable advantage that was to result from this consummation.

To have federated the separate parts of the Dominion so that a national spirit might be inculcated, national ideals advanced and national benefits accrued, was something; to have co-ordinated the varied interests of the chain of Provinces stretching from ocean to ocean; to seek the unification of juvenile races; to open the national doors to immigration, and to aspire to the unification and harmonization of a heterogeneous citizenship, was a worthy and great ambition.

Now that Canada has taken her place with her sister overseas Dominions of the Empire in the World's greatest War; now that she is bearing her part—a not ignoble part—in the conflict for the maintenance of the principles of democracy; now that she is showing how deep-rooted in the hearts of all liberty-loving people are the principles upon which the Empire itself is founded, the importance of the place of the Dominion in a greater federation of great countries must be impressed upon the citizenship of Canada to a profound degree.

British Columbia appreciates her place in Confederation, and is by no means a negligible section of the Dominion. Whatever remains to be done to give her her proper place among the Provinces, she herself has established her credit with the Empire by the voluntary sacrifice of her sons upon the battlefields of Europe, and the selfless voluntary sacrifices of those who have remained to "keep the home fires burning."

M. Brewster

The Draft

The Story of a Canadian in the American Civil War

By A. C. Allenson

Who wrote "John Comes Back," "Dusts of the Fleet," etc.

Illustrated by J. W. Beatty

It was a warm evening in July of last year I had been out on the lake for an hour with the trout. Sports, however, was not good, so I ran the boat up on a slippy beach, below Lawyer Batesman's orchard, and walked up to the house to smoke a pipe with my hospitable neighbour before returning to Camp A. A big, hale man of sixty-five, Mr. Batesman lived alone, save for the company of servants. His wife had been dead some years, his children had married and settled. Fortune had made him wealthy, and because he had abandoned the practice of law.

He was fond of country life, farmed for amusement, and was an ardent fisherman. Liked a day with the gun, was a lover of books and owner of a rarely fine library; and he was ready at any hour to discuss literature, politics, or dry fly fishing. I had expected to find him alone, but there was a party of young fellows on the veranda

when I reached the house. Intentionally followed, and I was taken into the group and made comfortable in a big, wicker chair, with one of Batesman's justly famed cigars to add the touch of luxury.

It was mostly a family party, composed of the lawyer's grandchildren, nephews, attractive young people, whose ages ranged from grown-up in the early twenties to two or three quite small children. The central figure in the group was clearly young Tom Batesman, a neatly set-up young man in businesslike attire, who was young his grandfather's shadow, and was not before going overseas, and the occasion had been made into a pleasant family reunion. We were chatting in groups, half a dozen voices going at once, when I noticed an old man come along the gravel path, separating the garden from the veranda. I had met him before on the road, and had passed the time of day with him, but I did not know him. My curiosity had been roused by the

distantness of his type, as well as by an old-world dignity at times and a certain reserve in his conversation. He seemed very old, and his hair was white, but his eyes were clear and his face was so fresh and healthy, that most have been struck with his appearance. He was dressed in a suit of the latest fashion, and his bearing was that of a man of the world. He was dressed in black, his long coat buttoned closely about him, he wore an old-fashioned black stock, and soft, wide-brimmed, black hat.

BATESMAN rose and called him, and, in response, the old man stepped across the lawn, his figure springing easily up and down, as he brought forward the drawing room. He would not take a seat as he had an appointment to attend before dark, but he stopped for a few minutes to chat.



She gave a stirrup and whistle to the racing horses and turned to the people.

He wanted to know who each of the young folks was, and Batesman made three introductions to him. Then was Mary's turn, and Alice's girl, and so on. The old man spoke plain, simple, and with a certain Scottish intonation, to each one.

"A welcome!" and he greeted young Tom's hand with particular cordiality. "I know you, young gentleman! If one could turn back the clock, and march with the brave lads! But such is his own profession. It is fortunate to us who can but look on and pray, to know that the men and women of the new generation are led and true—led and true. May the God of Battles and of Peace you, young man?"

There was a fine, paternalistic dignity about the benediction, infinitely impressive. After a few more words he bade us good evening, and, lifting his hat, turned away.

"What an ugly old man!" The children never broke about him, mostly upon the veranda. A sharp rebuke from an older sister recalled the once central figure to the verge of tears. Her grandfather took her on his knee and comforted her.

"I don't think he is the least bit ugly, Madam, dear," he said. "To me he is one of the handsomest men the world possesses, and I am going to tell you who

Once he was the best looking man in all these hills. But his face was soiled, and his body broken in doing something that was very fine and beautiful. In the little you read about a man named Paul, who said that he knew his body the marks of the Lord Jesus, and sometimes when I think of old Mr. Grant, I believe that his face and hands are much the same as Paul's marks."

The young folks settled in chairs and on veranda rails and steps, while young Tom stood a corner for a pretty moment himself. Fresh cigars were lighted and the talk began.

II

It carries me back, then 1916, more than I fifty years—fifty—those years to be exact, began his lifetime. "The war-time has caused them of a scene or so of farm houses, dotted in clearings of the woods along the hillside. The people were mostly Irish—Irish Protestants—the majority from Ulster—a few from round Wexford and Wicklow. There was no railway hereabouts at that time. The big American war, that was then, had not yet been discovered. Think of it, young folks!

No trains within thirty miles, no telegraph light or pole, telephone, cable, wireless, automobiles, flying machines, airplanes, moving pictures! Telegraphy still in its infancy. No other books. No one newspaper brought out daily the news of the world up to a few hours before. When we wanted to sleep, we went out to the veranda, looking down at the stars and bringing back the best part of a year's supplies in great, heavy trunks. Sometimes, for a night, we walked down, and I remember vividly in an hour's time with father and mother in August of '80 to see the Power of Water, the low long Edward. There's a bit of water gone over the falls since that day in '80, the year of which I am talking. Confederation was four years away, and two and twenty years would have to pass before the first train ran from Montreal to Vancouver. Over the law, the great struggle between North and South had been going on for nearly two years. Ten years, perhaps, as much about the war as I know it was fought on the right of individual States to secede from the Union, and, in lesser degree, it involved the formation of the negro state. We had been much of the slave question here, and Canada was the terror of the south.

Continued on page 134

Ironing a Continent

Containing an Original Story by the Late Sir William Van Horne
of the Building of the C.P.R.

By C. H. Mackintosh

Reminiscence.—The writer of the accompanying article, C. H. Mackintosh, was editor of the *Ottawa Citizen* from 1873 to 1881, and *Miner* of Ottawa during the years 1879-1881-1882. He was at the time of the meeting of the House of Commons in 1873, and from 1873 to 1881, and from 1881 to 1882. He was at the time of the meeting of the House of Commons in 1873, and from 1873 to 1881, and from 1881 to 1882. He was at the time of the meeting of the House of Commons in 1873, and from 1873 to 1881, and from 1881 to 1882.

THE story of the building of the C.P.R. is closely linked with the story of Confederation. It was on the distinct understanding that the mind would be built that British Columbia threw in her lot with the east, but for a number of years the project passed in the balance. The magnitude of the undertaking was such that it appeared impossible. Statesmen, engineers, men of capital, turned into consideration of the plan by the glimmer and sheer magnificence of the idea, drew back, shuddering at the task. However, nations steadily came to a climax, and the writer believes that he had the privilege of participating, in the role of journalist, in the earliest stages, when the necessary impetus was given.

The portfolio of Railways had been created in May, 1870, by the then government, and was assigned by Sir Charles Tupper. The government was a strong one, headed by Sir John A. Macdonald, with a cabinet that included such historic figures as Sir Leonard Tilley, Sir Hector Langevin, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir Mackenzie Bowell, Sir Henry Pope. The latter hailed from the Eastern Townships and had come to his seat in the Government as a result of remarkable success and industry in hard work. He was a staunch, clear-thinking man and stood high in the esteem of those who knew him. Sir John A. Macdonald held the portfolio of Agriculture, but when Tupper, shortly after taking over the Department of Railways, went to England to make a general survey of the situation as affecting future railway operations, the work of his department devolved on Pope.

That the latter had been taking more than a cursory interest in the railway situation had soon appeared. One morning, during the early autumn the writer called upon Mr. Pope in his office in the Department of Agriculture. He was answered in sheets of foolscap containing relations of figures and estimates. He looked up, remarking, with a smile that belied confidence and assurance: "I'm going to build the Canadian Pacific Railway, and, meantime, with a smile that belied confidence and assurance: Here are the figures."

He went on to speak in warm tones of the



C. H. Mackintosh.

confidence of the feasibility of the proposition. It was his intention to resign from the Government, to organize a company to secure the necessary charter and proceed to the work of construction. He was not a visionary, dreamer, or a highly project, but a solid practical man, who had studied the proposition and was prepared to see it through. Such was certainly the impression he made upon me.

"However," he said in conclusion, "I've got to see Sir John about it first. Drop in to-morrow and I'll tell you more about it."

The appointment was, of course, kept and Mr. Pope appeared next morning, confident that before "Well," he remarked quietly, "I'm not going out. But," and his smile as he said it and that much faith in the proposition, "the railway's going to be built. Of that you can rest assured."

He went on to tell of his interview the previous day with Sir John A. Macdonald. "When I told Sir John of my intention of resigning in order to launch a company, he asked me: 'What is that much faith in the enterprise?' I replied 'Yes.' 'Then said he, 'if you have, I'm with you. You and Tupper and I will have a talk, and see what can be done, either here or in England or in the two combined.'"

What transport during this visit is a matter of history, but it is evident that a very important part was played by the fact that of the time. They engaged quarters at Ball's Hotel, London, and entered a book campaign in interest capital. They found the moneyed circles easily prepared to consider the proposition, but afterwards some difficulty.

Pope had always favored the construction of this road by a company, controlling interests of which would be in the hands of Canadians. He argued that the central position this road with men who would fully comprehend the situation, who would command local sympathy and who would be closely in touch with the commercial industries of the Dominion. George Stephen, of Montreal afterwards Lord Mount Stephen, had already signified willingness to co-operate, and this lent weight to the view advanced by Pope. For Stephen had been interested in the St. Paul, Minneapolis and Manitoba Railway and also in the Canadian branch from Montreal to Winnipeg. When it was announced that George Stephen and E. B. Angus, who had already been engaged also in these earlier railroad enterprises, had arrived in England and were prepared to negotiate, there was a great flutter in all quarters. Rival interests, largely made up of British capital, showed marks of a tendency to retreat to the open.

However, matters did not reach a climax very rapidly. Meetings and conferences were held and protracted conferences were conducted. Week followed week without anything definite resulting, until the patience of the three Ministers was nearly exhausted. Finally, however, a member of the English House, John Lubbock afterwards Sir John Lubbock, came forward with proposals which appeared to contain the promise of some definite solution. Lubbock, although not wealthy himself, was in alliance with moneyed men and foreign bankers, and was confident that he could bring together a sufficiently powerful combination to definitely launch the project.

It happened that at the conference with Lubbock only Sir John Macdonald and Sir Charles Tupper were present. Mr. Pope being absent at the time. On the latter's return, the Premier informed him that they were prepared to make an arrangement with Lubbock on terms to be arranged later. Pope was very much annoyed.

"Very well, Sir John," he said, "I mean you have no further use for me. I'll pack my traps and go back to Canada." The Premier, Sir Charles, said about modifying their terms of collaboration. Pope finally said:



Prominent figures in the C.P.R. negotiations.—Sir Leonard Tilley, Lord Mount Stephen and Sir John A. Macdonald.

"All right, I'll stay. But I'll stay only on one condition."

"What is that?" asked Sir Charles Tupper.

"This, that Sir John and I will see Mr. Lubbock and give him one week in which to produce the names of the proposed association, with their financial credit vouched for, or failing that—to quit."

This was agreed to, and the ultimatum duly presented to Sir Lubbock. Speaking of the result, in after years, Mr. Pope said: "Except Baron Rotschild of Paris, we never saw one of them again." It happened that Mr. Lubbock had relied upon Sir Michael Schuchbach, who was at one time Chancellor of the Exchequer, to become the headquarters of a Canadian Pacific Railway Corporation, but had been unable to put this project



The most recent photograph of Baron Schuchbach, present head of the C.P.R.

but rather to receive certain investments which came under national observation, and which, although never sold before, had a very distinct bearing on the shape of events.

Before it is any then, that at the time the project of Lubbock fell down, there were in London, representing Canadian interests, George Stephen and Duncan McIntyre of Montreal. The latter had, in partnership with John Worthington, of Montreal, built a line to Montreal, which would have naturally become an important factor as a link in the proposed transcontinental line. The British interests had long left the line, and the question entered into a hostile line began with the representatives of the Canadian Government, and preliminary agreements were signed at Montreal, near Montreal, upon the return to Canada of the contracting parties. Subsequently, the contract was admitted to the House prepared by J. J. C. Abbott (afterwards Sir John Abbott and Premier of

Canada), and with certain amendments were finally crystallized into legislation. Almost immediately the Canadian Pacific Railway Company was organized and began work. In 1882 the Dominion Government appealed to the country on their railway policy and was sustained. About this time Mr. Donald A. Smith (later Lord Strathcona), came to let with his old friend George Stephen, and afterwards the two co-operated loyally and with a wonderful degree of fortitude, in sustaining the enterprise through its critical adversity. This important phase of the C.P.R. history should not be dismissed without some mention of others whose work and sacrifice were behind the central features in the drama.

THE preliminary contract between the Dominion and the Pacific Railway Incorporation was signed on the 21st of October, 1882, the incorporation being James J. Hill, Duncan McIntyre, J. K. Kennedy (New York), E. B. Angus, Martin Rose & Co. (New York and London), J. K. Kennedy & Co., of St. Paul, the first aid of the railway was turned on May 1st, 1883, and the last rails driven at Craigville by Sir Donald Smith, on the 15th of November, 1883. The first directors were George Stephen, Duncan McIntyre, John G. Kennedy, Richard E. Angus, J. J. Hill, Henry Shaw, Northrup, Pauline F. Grenville, James J. Hill, J. K. Kennedy, and James J. Hill, Jr. (afterwards Sir George, now Lord Mount Stephen), being the President. When the first and was turned the total railway operating in Canada was 3,204 in 1883 and 34,800.

THE next important stage in the history of the C.P.R., looking back, was the coming of William C. Van Horne. He appeared at a time when the supervising nature of the enterprise was being confined in a struggle at the time when the Dominion was in a situation, which had not been anticipated, stopped up. The task of finding the money to carry on the work was almost impossible. The task had reached such a state that if the people of Canada to the influential members of Sir Donald Smith's staff, and the latter, in its support, so manifested lack of confidence and sympathy, disaster would have been inevitable.

Fortunately the writer is in a position to tell how Sir William Van Horne came to be there in his first days with the C.P.R. A letter from Sir Donald Smith, dated in 1883, he wrote to James J. Hill, asking for some information with reference to the early career of Sir William Van Horne. Sir Paul S. Winnipeg and others had been in touch with Sir William Van Horne. Mr. Hill replied at some length and incidentally told how the brilliant young American railroad man was recruited. It happened to have been "Jim" Hill himself who arranged



The late Sir William Van Horne, who played a big part in the building of the Road.

him to the American boundary. The first train of what was termed the following year as the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba express St. Vincent on November 11, 1878. "I first knew Mr. Van Horne when he was Superintendent of the Southern Minnesota Railroad Company at that time. He was an American by birth and nationality. His active mind was always attracted by different subjects outside of the line of his immediate duties. He was at last he developed the idea for the picture, petroleum and other forms of oil.

When Lord Mount Stephen, Lord Strathcona and others were associated with me in the re-organization of the St. Paul & Pacific, formed a syndicate to build the Canadian Pacific Railway, much of the active work in building the line fell on my shoulders; and at the same time the rapid extension of the St. Paul, Minneapolis & Manitoba practically prevented me from going as much time to the Canadian Pacific as I should have. In looking about for a General Manager, I recommended Mr. Van Horne, who was at that time General Superintendent of the Milwaukee & St. Paul, with headquarters at Milwaukee.

"In making this recommendation, I recall saying to Lord Mount Stephen that I knew of no man in the United States who had a broader imagination

or greater capacity for executive work. The position was offered to him and he accepted when the Canadian Pacific line was completed west from Winnipeg to Brandon, some distance west of Brandon. From that time on his work at the railway was a matter of public knowledge and official record."

FROM the time that he came to this country the writer saw much of Sir William Van Horne and from the first found him a great person. He could tell from first-hand knowledge of the struggle during the early years, but instead that present fact that it was his greatest expert advice. A brief history written by Sir William himself. This interesting and brilliant document was forwarded by Sir William one Christmas Day and sent in fulfilment of a promise that he had made a short time before. The document is still in my possession, and is very highly prized.

It is worth saying how it came about that Sir William presented this story. During the summer and autumn of 1883 the writer had made a rather extensive trip through the Canadian Northwest and British Columbia. To any practical observer, the vast opportunities for animal production on the former was apparent. The widely diversified products, the marvellous timber, mining, fishing and agricultural resources of the latter province

Continued on page 111.

Fifty Years of Business Expansion

How Industry, Finance, Insurance and Transportation Have Advanced Since Confederation

By W. A. Craik

CANADA'S position at the close of the fiftieth year of Confederation is imposing only in so far as present-day conditions are placed in relation with those prevailing at the dawn of the Confederation era. Progress is at least a relative term, and it is apparent to the full the extent of this country's development, one must realize the setting in which that development was attained.

To all intents and purposes the whole of Western Canada, with its far-flung population, its many fine cities, its thousands of miles of railway and its enormous agricultural production, must be considered from the cradle. It is true that by 1867 more than a thousand people had settled in the Red River Valley; that struggles had been waged over the Red River and the Peace River Valley; and that Victoria was already a favoured town. But these widely separated settlements, on the prairie and at the coast, were almost isolated from Eastern Canada in those days as Australia is today, and further their business connections were entirely on the neighbouring sections of the United States.

The picture of Canada in 1867 narrows, therefore, to the comparatively restricted area of the older settlements of the country—the narrow fringes of clearing along the St. Lawrence; the lake front country of Ontario; the coast country of New Brunswick; the scattered towns and fishing villages of Nova Scotia. The wider reaches of a great and prospective land had not yet been opened upon the minds of the people and their field of possible endeavour lay no further than the three or four hundred families of the backwoods.

THOUGH fairly well populated and settled at the time, the westerner of reminiscence, the older settlements of Quebec and Ontario were still in a comparatively backward stage of development. Even between Montreal and Toronto, such as now the two foremost centres of population in Canada, the expansion of the country was hampered by prepossessing. There remained much unexplored land. Many of the homes of the settlers were at best but miserable shacks. The people were poor; the children dirty and ragged; the cattle lean. Towns, which were quite as numerous as they are to-day and in numbers of 1867, were nearly as large, were suffering from the after-effects of the Grand Trunk boom, and exhibited numerous uncontrolled and deluged feelings.

From Toronto to Ottawa, then, the customary route to the Capital, the railway traversed what appeared to be nothing more than swamp, wet, dismal and depressing. The Capital itself lay hidden away in the midst of green, verdant forests, which closed in on the big houses and small villages lying on the outskirts of the city.

To the rear on the eastern frontier on the St. Lawrence and Lake Ontario, settlement was just getting under way at the time. Confederation came into being, but the country was still being developed, one must realize the setting in which that development was attained.

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Embering on the Upper Ottawa, a flourishing industry of the new Confederation.

away with good impression. It was admitted that the size of the Parliament Buildings was a lovely one; that the surrounding terrain had a wild impressioniveness and that the clear air, refreshingly reaching with the noise of falling water, was exhilarating, but what were these natural attractions worth if the streets were rough, the houses mean and squalid, the hotel accommodation wretched, and the food poor. Lumber and granite lined the place until it looked like one vast lumber yard.

A visitor of Lord Monck, who visited the town shortly before the Governor-General moved there from Quebec, pronounced the prospects of life in such a place despicable as "Walker and of no more." And it is known that civil service employees, who had to forsake the lucrative livings of the Government in Quebec, for its early reputation, became there, like those who were of the town, took the earliest opportunity to escape from its impenetrable dullness.

Of course all this has changed. Ottawa is now the possession of every modern facility, not only for the enjoyment but for the improvement of life. Its beautiful streets and parks, its splendid public buildings, its superior hotels—all these combine to render the contrast with the miserable down-at-the-head settlement of fifty years ago most striking and complete.

AND WHAT OF OTHER CITIES? Montreal, the foremost city of the Dominion with its more than 600,000 population, in 1867, was but a small town of about 10,000. In extent it was very considerable smaller. Its principal business thoroughfare of today, St. Catherine Street, lay on the outside of the city. Even today St. James Street, with its splendid financial institutions, was only just in course of construction. Business was done in Notre-Dame Street. McGill College stood out in the suburbs and it was a mile walk from the edge of the city to the museum.

In several respects, Montreal fifty years ago was greatly inferior to the present city. Its streets were notoriously filthy, especially along the docks where the mud frequently lay bare days. The lighting even of the main thoroughfares was inadequate, gas being then the universal illuminant. The drainage was bad, and in thin countries one vision led of having to leave the Theatre Royal one night in the middle of an immense crowd on account of the fact others that were sufficed in through the windows. Apart from these deficiencies, however, the city seems to have been an important place with its solid-looking buildings, its many fine churches and its active commerce.

Toronto's expansion during the fifty years has been equally, even if not more, phenomenal. When it is recalled that in 1867 Queen's Park was at the heart of the city, was an old residence northern where Trinity College was situated a mile beyond the western limits and that troops were able to go through extensive swamps in a great column that lay between the city and Rosedale Avenue, some faint conception of the physical growth of the place can be obtained. In population it has increased twelve-fold, or more, by from 45,000 to 140,000.

The cities in the east, Halifax and St. John, have probably exhibited fewer changes than their western sisters. Halifax, which has now about 36,000 inhabitants, had a population of 30,000 at the time of Confederation. St. John, which today contains approximately 54,000 people, was then a place of 35,000 inhabitants. In Halifax the lives of the citizens revolved around the harbour of British regulars which manned its forts and its naval yards. It is true, sent on to the West Indies. Fish was exported; sugar and other tropical products imported. But the military and naval interests of the place predominated and trade and commerce, while a necessary evil, were not allowed to thrust themselves too far into the foreground.

The commercial spirit was more in evidence in St. John, a city which then as now regarded its Nova Scotian contemporary with a feeling of suspicion and rivalry. St. John had been a notable shipbuilding center for years and not only was many a stout vessel built such as it is today, but the merchants owned and equipped numerous deep sea craft for service in the seven seas. The arrival of the lumber merchants in those days, for ships and sailors were numerous and there was a constant coming and going of vessels from distant ports.

PICTURES were small fifty years ago, as they were the product of a hand-laid in them. Industrially there has been a remarkable change in Canada since the passing of half a century. The western coast, and along the settled portions of the country were plentifully supplied with an immense number of small industries. Each of these cities, with its little group of manufacturing establishments which produced the necessities of life for the people of the immediate neighbourhood. A flour and grain mill, a sawmill, a tannery, a printing and falling mill, a distillery, a brewery, a soap factory, a brewery or distillery were the possession of practically every center of population.

The census of 1881 showed that in Ontario alone there were in operation 261 flour and grain mills, 1,114 sawmills, 273 tanneries, 143 carriage factories, and 341 breweries and distilleries. In Ontario, Quebec, New Brunswick, Nova Scotia and Prince Edward Island more than there was 2,000 industries, of which 1,765 were flour and grain mills, 4,740 sawmills and 714 sawmills. By 1,887 all these figures had probably been considerably increased.

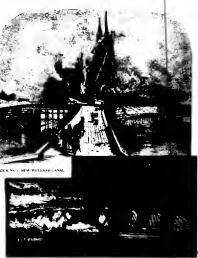
Few of these primitive local industries have survived the evolution of the centralized factory system. Here and there through the country there may remain some pathetic examples of these now important institutions. But, generally speaking, the economies introduced in the operation of the large factories in today have made it quite impossible for the small industry to exist.

Even in the cities there were evidence of the development of large-scale manufacturing. The building of the Lachine Canal seems to have produced a considerable industrial boom in Montreal. The great furnished flour miller, heretofore of hydraulic energy per annum, a huge figure for those days, and as probably the largest of its kind in the world, was now power, manufacturers naturally flocked to this new source of energy.

The extent and importance of the factories along the great St. Lawrence watershed. There were large iron works, engine works, fewer than 120 men and producing 15 tons of cast plates per day. There was a wonderful new flour mill, which could grind 300 tons of flour a twenty-four hours. There was a sugar refinery with equipment in its manufacture seven-eighths of the sugar consumed in Canada and there was a marine works, which could produce central shafts for river and lake screw ships.

One may smile at the expressions of amazement with which the census of 1887 recorded these examples of industrial enterprise, the size and output of which have long since been surpassed by numerous larger establishments. But, after all, there were some industries in operation fifty years ago which would astonish even the water-logged folk of the twentieth century. The arrival of Ottawa far in the future, were undoubtedly marvellous. There were ten of them running night and day at the time of Confederation. The efforts of the ten thousand lumbermen who were busy felling the forests along the Ottawa and the St. Lawrence, the slinky ways and the heavy work of the little sawmills. The ten mills together turned out 300,000 cubic feet of lumber a week. While the lumber was being cut, square timber was rafted to Quebec each season for shipment across the Atlantic. The great golden age of the lumber trade took 800 ships, manned by 25,000 men, to export the harvest of the Ottawa from Quebec to England.

THESE were great and picturesque enterprises and so too was the wooden shipping industry. The great wooden hulks of prosperity when Confederation came into being. All Quebec and at many a harbor and port on the coasts of New Brunswick and Nova Scotia and New England of 1887, the goods of Canadian manufacturers were to be seen. There were ships of Jacques and Hay in Toronto which from 22 to 50 ships were turned out each year. Unfortunately, except for a



The deep cut. A view of the Willand Canal in the early days.

farred revival of the industry at the present time, wooden shipbuilding in Canada and that an interesting chapter in Canadian industrial history, is now a thing of the past.

However, all industry in Canada is not so spectacular, though to the people of the time many of the developments seemed very wonderful. In Hamilton, for instance, where foundations for future industrial greatness were even then being laid, was opened a remarkable steel on the part of the local manufacturers to have installed 120,000 worth of new machinery in a single year. The production of locomotives at Kingston was considered a work little short of marvellous. The smelter in Sherbrooke in 1867 was a wooden factory five stories high was hailed as a most important event, while Fort Coler's new factory at St. Hyacinthe, which grew emblematic of the north, was regarded as a marvellous plant.

But of industries were small and scattered, the products of industry were of the country, most exported to transatlantic ports were limited in scope. This was especially true of the maritime provinces, where the stage coach was well established and the necessary facilities when the Confederation was formed. Nova Scotia was almost

the St. Lawrence compared favourably with the product of the English market. The Barbers, of St. John's, showed cloths and woollens of most creditable quality. In Gloucester from the Jersey plant of George and the Whiting plant at St. John's were highly recommended, as were the cigars produced by Smith, of Montreal.

INDUSTRIALLY, Canada has travelled a far road since 1867. All the modern appliances of the production of industry have facilitated has come more than. The modern tools with their electric drive, the great steel plants, the huge power mills; all these and many more have grown into being since 1867 and in no small measure the progress of Canada has been made in this department of national life. Hand in hand with the growth of industry has gone the extension of transportation facilities and rapid means of communication. In 1867 the railway system of the country, once started in transatlantic ports, were limited in scope. This was especially true of the maritime provinces, where the stage coach was well established and the necessary facilities when the Confederation was formed. Nova Scotia was almost

On the poop a large, heavy-shouldered man smoked a blackened pipe and surveyed the sea. Billy Brown did not know the etiquette of being viewed at sea from an open boat, but he felt that this scrutiny was not the way. It was embarrassing. He resolved to make an effort.

"Good morning," he said politely. "Good morning," greeted the big man in a vast, husky voice that seemed to proceed from a scuffed throat, and that caused another Maritime to cross themselves. "What luck?"

"Fined in the water," Billy Brown replied. "What was the surprising moment?" "I thought you was out fishing." "This was too much for Billy Brown, who retired from the conversation. "We're the sole survivors of the Min. gale, sent in collision night before last."

"I suppose I'll have to let you come aboard," said the coffee-grinder voice. "Harkness—draw 'em a line there!" "You don't seem a bit glad to see us," Mrs. Gifford said gently, as she stepped ashore from the boat. "I don't, indeed, not a damn bit," was the reply of the strange skipper.

III.

MRS. GIFFORD came up the companion ladder from the stifling cabin, looked vaguely about for a deck chair, and collapsed against the low side of the cabin house. Her handmaiden called "Miss!"

"It's atrocious!" she cried. "It is not to be endured. It is an insulting brute. Anything—the open boat—is better than this horrible creature. And it isn't as if he didn't know better. He does it deliberately. It is his way of showing us are not welcome."

"What has to do now?" Patty Gifford asked. "Now, when you're stood with Harrison in the shade of the mainmast."

There was no sewing, and the pick went from the stinking deck. From below came the mild preening sounds of Billy Brown, and the squeal and din of Maria's from the main.

"Dear!" Mrs. Gifford exclaimed. "He has landed on getting Mr. Brown and me into the same stateroom. They're awfully little caddy-bags; no ventilation, no conveniences."

The crowd assembled as Captain Decker emerged from the companionway and approached him. Patty declared and drew closer to Harrison than her sister. Billy Brown's voice was a siren.

"You must excuse me, Madam," he remarked. Mrs. Gifford. "How was I to know?" I thought you and the gentleman below was married. But it's all right. He's been here, and I've a liberal benevolence. "I tell you, it's all right. It can replace the two of you I've just seen," a captain's authority on the deck sent the crowd away.

"Go away, go away," Mrs. Gifford roared.

Captain Decker drew his terrible eyes jeeringly on Patty and Harrison.

"I've pulled teeth," the skipper began, when Maria's head was buried in her bosom, and, now I saved off a man's leg, but damn me if I've spared a couple yet. Now, how about the two of you?" Patty and Harrison shrank instantly apart.

"It might make things more convenient down below," the other was arguing when Billy Brown, a stout old fellow, turned him the captain anxiously addressed. "Hey, you! don't you want to get married?" I can do it, if you like."

Billy Brown looked vacillantly at Mrs. Gifford and gasped at astonishment. "No, bless me, no, of course not, certainly not!" he declared with embarrassed haste.

CAPTAIN DECKER's disappointment was manifest in his coffee-grinder throat.

"All right, my lady. May I say you ain't seen the cook yet. I won't say he's clean, but I will say he's a Charmer. You'll look with him. He turned upon Harrison. "You will get a chance, they'll be good and I'll be just up to the horn of my old bell."

"And if I don't," Harrison demanded. "Why won't I look with—"

At that moment the cabin boy, a grimy, red-haired, nonchalant Lancashire, passed all along the poop.

"With the cabin boy—that's him," the skipper exclaimed in satisfaction.

"There I'll look with the cabin boy," Harrison decided.

"But yourself?" Captain Decker strode to the companionway and shouted down. "Where's that mate? Ashore, boy?" But he said: "Tell him I want him. Found you black devils, you Jungs!"

He turned about to the survivors of the *Minerva*. "Now, here's the skipper's arrangement. You, ladies, sit there, sit there; two starboard, two port, two aft under the deck. You two women'll look in number one port, the two days girls in number two port, the ones in cabin here in port after noon—"

"I shall not sleep there," Billy Brown asserted. "I shall sleep on the cabin floor."

"You'll sleep where I tell you to!" Captain Decker said. "You'll sleep where the *Deer* (I didn't) sleep with the *Chink*, or I'll know the main why, or my name ain't Bill Decker. You will sleep in the cabin floor."

"You will bunk with the cabin boy in the starboard after noon. Where's that mate?"

A MOST forbidding individual came up through the companionway. He was as large as the skipper and as heavily built. Overstuffed shoulders and high-chested, his features were powerfully masculine, despite his eyes, lowered ears, a shaggy beard, and a mountainous nose. He was perturbed, stupid, and in every respect a perfect specimen of his kind.

"Ladies and gentlemen, this is the mate of the *Deer* (I didn't). He was a beauty once a time. He was once a man before he ran foul of us, which was only yesterday. Look at 'em now. Flat-Nose is his name. And it is so it is. He was so fat before I landed out. Flat-Nose ran out to take a look mate. Where's that young whelp?"

Captain Decker turned and glared at Willie Decker, standing all from the back of the poop, a brown-paper clerk, and carefully hid his lower lip.

"Here, you!" Willie stepped about.

"Take that square out of your mouth when I talk to you!" the skipper bellowed. Willie hesitated, the skipper sprang to

ward him, and Mrs. Gifford screamed. The captain came out with dignity, and Captain Decker turned on Mrs. Gifford. "Madam, is there any reason why you and his mate oughtn't to be married?"

Mrs. Gifford declared truly. "Is there any reason you ought?"

He looked appealingly at Patty, who came to her aid. The captain returned to Willie.

"That's right, yes, mate. Learn to take orders. You see that handsome man by the companionway? That's Flat-Nose. And that's what I do to them I don't love. I throw that square out the side—that's right—and make 'em none of 'em. Take a pipe if you want to smoke like a man. Now, you and Flat-Nose are going to bunk together. Flat-Nose, you're responsible for 'em. If he cuts up any-dodder, speak him."

Captain Decker made the length of the poop and back, climbed the stair, crossed the sky from the north-west, debated a moment, then remarked to the company in general.

"It's mighty hot on this deck. Now, if by chance anybody might want to get married, I guess I could manage to put some sort of an awning."

IV.

BELOW, they sat in anxious council. A week had passed, in which occasionally had been belated and variously insulded, while Willie had been repeatedly twice for striking cigarettes and three turned to sit by the mainmast and the poop and scrubbing the post-work. Mrs. Gifford and Patty sat at the cabin table, their shoulders and arms at last covered by the tattered sheets of cotton drill. The *Deer* (I didn't) was in violent rages. The mugs and signs of the water could be drawn through his nose, and by her long lips and lungs it was apparent that she was working out and running before a stiff breeze.

"He is going to blow," Billy Brown was reporting to Mrs. Gifford. "I imagined you with it to his face—told him he was so, judging by the course he was steering."

"And it is only six days by my steamer from Montreal to San Francisco," Patty cried joyously.

"But he refuse to land us," Billy Brown went on. "He gives us no food. He merely intimates that we'll either see him or hide of the island any more than he will. I can't make out his vessel. There is something wrong about his vessel."

"Bumping your powder, ain't," the sailor spoke up. "You know what. This ship is a rascal, sir."

"Now, now, my dear," Mrs. Gifford replied sharply. "That's just your imagination. The age of smuggling is past, except among smugglers from Europe landing in New York."

"What could be wrong?" Patty asked. "Opium, Miss, because your parson," the sailor replied.

"By George, that's right!" Harrison spoke his last word. "The new tariff law's been in effect over a year now. Opium is way up. I remember reading about it six months ago in the *San Francisco* papers."

"But what will we do if he is a smuggler?"

Continued on page 37



Left: A "close up." Billy Sunday's latest. Right: Billy Sunday, Mrs. Sunday and their three boys

What I Think of Canada

By Billy Sunday

EDITOR'S NOTE.—Read the true that the famous evangelist descended on New York and proceeded to take fifteen along the San Juan Trail. The editor sends to Mr. Sunday a suggestion that he prepare something for MAURICE'S on "What I Think of Canada." Mr. Sunday, although one of the busiest men in Charles Sumner's hall, has complied. His message is brief, but right from the heart. It is characteristic in every sense. Read it.

I OFTEN speak of Canada as "Older Sister of the North." That is not a mere figure of speech with me. I mean it.

Canada has been our neighbor since first we set up house-keeping here. For all these years our front lawn has bordered with vines for a matter of three thousand miles, and there has never been a fence between. We have swapped things back and forth, our wives have borrowed and lent, when we got into a family scrap in the States, two or three

He still loves the American national game.



Billy Sunday as action. This is a typical photograph.

He still loves the American national game.



Again and again, the huge, powerful Arad, waving back and forth with awesome majesty, buried them under

The Outlaw Boar

By Clark E. Locke

Illustrated by Arthur Heering

IT WAS at that hour on a summer afternoon when the oblique rays of the sun strike hottest, and the rocky cliffs and shores of Georgian Bay, circled by clear water, appeared warped and tremored in the heat haze like great convulsions of black India rubber. The sky was bronze, the water lay, a vitreous sheet of pale green glass, and the stunted pine trees on the shore drooped as if even their hardy weatherworn forms were about to shiver into flames at a moment's notice.

In a little bottle-necked inlet a quarter of a mile in diameter, the humidity was intensified. It was as if some gigantic unseen hand were holding up a huge lens to concentrate the burning rays in this particular quarter. The whole place palpitated and shimmered with the heat of the tapers. There was no sound at this hour of the day. The last vagrant gull had followed the creek channel far inland, and the quavering notes of the earlier hours were hushed. A pile of drying clamsHELLs on a nearby shell showed where an industrious muskrat had given

A slight razzdingle occurred in a mass of dried branches, and with a faint response of softy armor along the rocks, a large female sidesaddle of the diamond-back

varity, lathered down from head to body, and made for the water's edge. The creature was gooped and unwieldy, and plunked twofold through seaweeds, but even so, waded along cracks and crevices with marvellous ease. Once upon a flat, table formation, the height of three inches above the brack, she coiled in an attitude of wariness. From side to side the flat, owl-looking head swung slowly, and the steady, unswerving head eyes studied the slightest movement in the neighborhood. Apparently satisfied, the head was lowered and immediately the place was pooped with a dozen new

rehabilitated. The monstrous jaws opened as if with a spring, a faint, radiant lens was heard, and forth from the interior issued a mass of tiny, wriggling serpents, gliding capriciously about and exploring a new habitation. Coiled again, and posing motionless as the web of a doctail, maternally watched for the slightest flicker of danger from sea or land. Gradually her caution relaxed as minutes passed, and, not failing from coil, the heavy reptile body straightened out, and the whole reptilian family looked to the sun-shine.

Five minutes later a scrape was heard on the rocks, followed by the sound of an animal coming to water. In a moment the wriggling mudpots had disappeared as the family cupboard, the rattler had coiled into position, and the warang hummed forth on the quiet air. Around the corner came the intruder, and eyes of capital distrust opened on the chameleon, for surely a stranger pair had not met in the wilderness for years.

It was a huge black bear, maddened with heat and lathered in foam, which

[illegible]

flushed into the madfist and wallowed in the stunk with great graps and gurgle of relief. When the sun crawled down to the west, an hour later, he clambered out of the bath, shook himself like a dog at the bank, and turning his massive head inland, trotted briskly onto the beach.

WHEN in the spring of 1913, the Two Sister Islands of the Port Au Bar region of the Georgian Bay were known to be harboring innumerable rattlesnakes and when Cyrus J. McKee of Pittsburg, who had contemplated coming up in July to erect an eight thousand dollar summer bungalow, heard of the fact, there were many unconventional messages transmitted along wires through sleepy little Canadian towns. Yawning, red haired spinsters straightened up with a gasp as the rattlesnake buzzed into their ears.

for transmission. When these contacts reached their destined party, one Tom Barron, trumpet, fisherman, summer jockey and general free-lancer, there was a party in the village. The fact was that for people had any idea as to the possibility of coming out of the plague, and those who did have their own opinions did not believe in them strongly enough to put them to the test. Had there not always been snakes in the district? Moreover, the village had been the scene of a plague been spread deadly. Nature had put its will against that the farther north the habitat of a poisonous bear the less dangerous the venom really was. But no one was willing to experiment, one couldn't tell what would happen. In the end, the village was left to such a state of uncertainty if possible the absence as part of the last.

It was an old woman who finally gave a workable suggestion. "I have heard," she said cautiously, "that hawgs will kill snakes. In fact some folks says a it was hawgs, and no cork, that cleaned up Ireland, and killed and ate every blessed scoundrel in the place."

"Try anything on earth. Buy a variety of necessary," was the chafing reply.

Thus it came about that fifteen ill-nourished grumblers, gathered up at people's doors from neighboring farmers' found a habitation for the summer as the Twin Sisters. Thereupon the soldiers disappeared with marvellous rapidity. No more saw the process of extermination, but it was some the less thorough. When Mr.

Shane ran up in the fall to see the driver gathered in, not a trace of a serpent was found on the place, and the poachers had wound fat. In the last count, however, one was missing. A promising young bear, remarked upon for his size and strength, could not be found, and the party returned, believing that the animal had come to an end in some way in the woods.

BUT this was by no means the case. A matter of fact he had made a haul for liberty, and had succeeded in, unknown to his pursuers. When the drivers had landed on the island and the dove had reached headlong through the densest of the pen the taste of liberty which the black pig had enjoyed, spurred him to escape to the distant shore. He had planned it, and his black, glossy skin, sleek, sloughing through the half mile of water, had been raised in the storm.

of the last evening found up to 1000 birds in company in the form of animals of the kind of water-bugs. The escape of a Barn steered into an American wilderness, or of a winter-traveler lugged into a strip of mountain woodland, is as much an unbinding of elemental forces as the plunge of the old world into the sea. It is the freedom of the hawk woods. So it was with the black bear of the better islands. From the day of the roundup up he was one with the structures of the wild. He was moreover, a wanderer and a pariah. For this he was not grubbing at the trough of man-made civility but rather, more at ease sprawling in murky black yards. But there were acres to be found and berries in abundance. Even an animal made could be snugged up if one was a little crafty enough. Greatest of all, however, was freedom.

It is a strange reflection on human nature, as on human nature, that success gives generations the craving for the coming of new-deeds. By this time it has become a commonplace that the human race is bound to produce wild, self-spirited at intervals—men who shake the bonds of conventionalism, whose blood is filled with wanderlust, and whose hearts are for adventure and freedom from restraint. The legends of the Norse, the Christian folk with vague ideas of apocalypticism, and the legends of the present. Whether these persons represent a sort of harking back to the earlier days of civilization, or whether they are the result of the modern age, or of their ecological shift, there may be drawn a strange parallel with the annual legend.

Sometimes a horse is born, bigger and more finely developed than his fellows. Great power is expected at first, but his strength is not sustained. He grows up to be a horse that lacks the power that qualifies a horse of speed or of strength, and he becomes at once the pride and despair of his trainers. Should he escape to the wilds, such a life expects into a chapter of wonderful and inspiring adventure. Harassment and conflict, his services are disappointing. He is not a horse that can be depended upon. He is a horse who has the black hair of the north. From the neck of a litter of foals he has developed into an amazing specimen. Even in the pen he has held a glass that none other could show. His head and shoulders are like a giant's, but his legs are like a child's. He is a horse that has the strength, and such tasks had not been seen in a generation. His power, his head always been dangerous. No one dare

set foot inside the palace. Now the day of independence had dawned.

[illegible]

The experience was a critical one in the life of the adventurer. For one thing, it established a wonderful self-confidence, an unswerving appreciation of his strength and fighting ability. It turned him into a man on a crest, a being that he believed could conquer anything that he had his own way. Henceforth he was immune to the doubts of men and the doubts of himself. When the most devastating black creature would bend him to his prostrate, surely the wild would bow to his power. And hereafter, it established an unshakable confidence in his own strength that would serve him well. He knew that that would some day be needed. He knew that he would need it. He knew that he had guessed the crushing strength of those hairy arms, or the fearful constructive power of his legs, his eyes would have been able to see the power of the power, the power of the power, the power of the power.

For three days the berry patch held out, and then hunger demanded new fields. Trotting across the rocky slopes the pig discovered himself possessed of a strange faculty, little guessed before. His feet did not slip dangerously on the rocks. It was now four months since the drive had been set at large, and, like the gripping coaks of the mountain deer, so the coaks of his hoofs were becoming adapted, and it was with safety, mounting once more, that he ran on and down dangerous

His frame, too, had taken on a great strength. Born with head and shoulders of unusual power, these had developed into warnings of the head until they possessed the form of a furnace. His neck, long and tapered, was a heavy cylinder of muscle, and a slanting fiber protruded from his jaw and an abundance of coarse-grained muscle on his massive neck forepart, so defined any minor attack. Only an enemy who could strike him like the shock of a heavy blow or wary enough to strike the shock of that beetle-crashed shambler, could hope to escape a mauling from his jaws. And, now, with his head reared back, frame pulsing with hunger and, grating, the eagerly at starveling, the neck curved along the lay shore on the neck, faced

SOMETHING flashed up in his path. The lithe, slender form of a marten leaped straight at a die at his throat, and tooth met in a mighty grip on the heavy howling hede. In a spasm of experience the hog turned aside and, kneeling, crushed the little adversary to the rock; at the

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spread around the whole length of the horizon, and it is along the coast of the American Pacific. Mr. Rogers believes that not more than 10 per cent of its total advantage of the river in distribution could supply the entire requirements of the Hawaiian Islands with a double more than twice as deep as that of the present American Pacific, and would produce a more effect equal in production and growth in area than the present Pacific.

Mr. Rogers is chief engineer of the Hawaiian Power Company of Honolulu, and is a member of the American Society of Mechanical Engineers, Civil Engineers, and Electrical Engineers, and the International Society. He makes no suggestion in his pamphlet as to the methods by which the "artificial current advantage" which he proposes could be constructed in the bed of the river above the Hawaiian Islands. These have been noted by Rogers and suggested the word "artificial" which means down the river above the falls and carries a suggestion of the "artificial" that would be involved in building one structure in these working words which could withstand them.

Japan and Germany Will Friendly Relations Between Them Follow the War

MUCH discussion has followed the new German "policy" of its in the East, in suggesting its alliance with Russia and Japan against the United States. The Japanese have recognized all knowledge of the matter and their desire to accept the suggestion by all who have stepped to consider the position of the United Kingdom. However, Japanese writers are now lively denouncing the position that Japan will take after the war. Early representatives of the general opinion in that country by E. K. Kawakami in the course of an article in The Forum. He reviews the manner for Japan's hostility to Germany, but it will be advanced that in this country paragraph to be written freely that this hostility need not continue in the future. It depends apparently on Germany, who, although she is not supported in Britain and the United States. He concludes:

If a German-Japanese understanding is to follow the war, the Japanese must not only abandon the policy which has been pursued in the Far East, but must also for Japan and for Germany, there is a growing opinion that such a modification of German policy will not be able to bring about a new era of peace. Germany must not have already signed treaties which admit that German war in China can no longer be viewed as without regard to Japan and to the United States. Once Germany finally admits her past misdeeds and shows an attitude that is "made up" with Japan, there is no reason why the latter would not proceed. Indeed, the gradual change of attitude which the German press and public has been of late displayed in favor of Japan has, with the understanding of German writers, been highly appreciated in Tokyo. It is, of course, too early to predict what the final balance of interest of the Powers will be, but it is certain that when Germany abandons her past misdeeds in China and in Manchuria for the sake of the development of her national interests in Africa and other countries, she will be able to negotiate with Germany in the settlement of the war. With Japanese writers looking China into the path of progress with better confidence, Germany will find a large new market for those modern and modernized things with the German world.

This new attitude toward Germany's position in Japan, which has already in the past shown years from time previously nothing to the end of \$1,100,000.



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swirl lightly from the chair back and rested upon her shoulder. For one long, intense moment, they gazed at each other, with a momentary stillness and like the spring of a gun, the man was upon his knees before her chair. His arms were about her, with no thought of resistance, Chloé felt herself drawn close against his breast, felt the solid beating of his heart, and then—his lips were upon hers, and she felt herself struggling feebly against the embrace of the mighty arms.

Only for a moment did Lapierre hold her. With a snarl as sudden and impetuous as the movement that embraced her, the arms were withdrawn, and the man leaped swiftly to his feet. Too dumb to speak, Chloé sat motionless, her hands in a clasp of terror, while in her breast enlarged deeply and hot, fierce anger arose for the misery now a thrill, so strange to her, so new, and so intense that it stirred her to the innermost depths of her being.

Swiftly, unconsciously, her glance went for a moment upon the linen, bearded face of MacLean, and beside her chair, Lapierre stood the glass, and the thin lips curled in a smile—a cynical smile, that faded on the instant, as his eyes turned toward the doorway. For there, alert and grim as he had seen her some before, stood Big Lou, whose chair blue eyes were fast upon him, in that same disconcerting, feline stare.

THE hot blood roared to his cheeks and violently roared, so that his face seemed pulsed and quivering in the gloom of the darkened room. His brow had a fiercely arched line, his nose and lips were set in a grimace. Was it fancy, or did the cheeks, like the eyes, rest for just an instant upon the doorway? Was it the light? With an effort, the man composed himself, and stooped, whispering a few hurried words into the ear of the girl who sat with her face buried in her hair.

"Forgive me, Miss (Kilham) for the moment I forget that I had not right. I love you! Love you more than life itself! More than my life—my life or the lives of others. It was not the impulse of an unguarded moment that caused me to forget that I had not the right—forget that I am a gentleman. We live as we will in the north. And now, goodbye, I am going westward. I will return, if it is within the power of man to return, before the sun sets the lakes and the rivers."

He passed, but the girl remained as though she had not heard him. He passed close, his lips almost upon her ear. "Pardon, Miss (Kilham), can you not forgive me—make me one last kiss before I go?"

Swiftly, as he is a dream, Chloé offered him her hand. "Goodbye," she said simply, in a dull, toneless voice. The man seized the hand, pressed it lightly, and turning sharply, crossed to the table. As he drew his fingers toward him, his arm came into violent contact with the perfumed forearm of the girl. The rap reached to the floor, the resistance of the body on the way—sawed boards.

With a hurried word of apology he passed out of the door—passed low beside the form of Big Lou, whose white oval, feline eyes the black eyes stared silently, even as the thin lips curled into a smile—sneering, malicious, mocking.

To be Continued

The Captain of the Susan Drew

Continued from page 64.

and won't put us ashore?" Mrs. Gifford demanded.

All stared helplessly. No suggestions were offered.

"Very well, then," she said firmly; "I shall speak to this boat myself. I shall pay her to land us. I shall—"

A pair of feet and legs appeared on the companion ladder, and Captain Decker descended.

"Look here, girl," Decker began gallantly springing into the breach. "We've been discussing the situation—"

"What situation?" demanded the skipper.

"We all know about this ship," Mrs. Gifford said sternly. "We know you are receiving guests into Hawaii, and that is why you refuse to land us. But I will pay you to land us. I will pay you five thousand dollars."

"I wouldn't if you made it fifty thousand," was the gruff rejoinder.

"I'll make it fifty thousand. I will pay you fifty thousand dollars to put us ashore anywhere on the Hawaiian Islands."

CAPTAIN DECKER gave her a searching glance, and seemed surprised that she meant it. But the offer open him was contrary to what they expected. His almost-shaven face, harsh and severe, set obstinately.

"You can't walk over me with your money," he roared. "Fifty thousand isn't a paper. Fifty thousand isn't as much to me as that is a piece of sugar candy. You, the skipper here, is a hundred miles away; but I give you a rap who knows it, and I'll see to it none of you get ashore in Hawaii to spread the news. Fifty thousand? Well, Ma and my partners make enough of this one rap to return. I get fifty tons of the dope before I'll write them dollars a pound. 'Tough I'd put a million on it, but just to please you.' What, I'd give fifty thousand myself to get rid of you, if there was any way to get them out. Take it from me, madam, I can't stick at you!"

V.

THE DAYS came and went. In vain Harriman and Decker browsed the sea-line for land. They knew the high peaks of the Hawaiian Islands were often visible a hundred miles away; but Captain Decker was true to his word and refused neither to his word nor to the word of his partner. His residence was a matter of pre-arranged latitude and longitude in the ocean waters far off from the traveled steamer tracks. One day, after the morning mist had shortened sail and haze to. Though days and nights of fresh winds blew the Susan Drew drifted still. After each morning observation, he would just as sail, regain the lost position, and leave to again.

"Of course—the fact—he is in running to waste is to land," Harriman remarked to FATTY. "This is the meeting place, where to the rendezvous. The ship is made a good passage and is ahead of his time, that is all."

Captain Decker grew more inconsiderable. He had little patience with days counting



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familiar sound
as darkness
when something goes
wrong with your
motor at night,
when you mislay the
glasses the woman
who you've got to
change a tire
quickly
when you drop the
key in the gutter
of the road
when a thunderstorm
pays your house
light out of your
pocket
when you must find
the friend who
works
when a storm clouds
the middle of
the night
when you need
help, help, do
something effective
when other things
have run out of
oil, this is your
DAYLO.

short, and told him to stay away, and wrote what he had to her about himself. He laughed at her signs of fear, in his rough coarse way, and at last, as he became bolder, she came to follow, and he put his hand on the other side of the fellow's face. A word, or a hint—father told him—to any of the jobs along the hillside that he was enjoying Annie, and it would be a mighty long day before he would be able to display his gold watch chain and diamond stud on the streets of New York City. And of the lady would slunk, he, father, would attend to the job himself. Dreamhead was worse after his kind, and converse only with his tongue,

so he contented himself with posturing Annie with dancing letters.

IV.

IT WAS in the fall or late summer of '92 that Peter Grant came to the Settlement. Peter was a Scotsman, a tall, dark, good-looking Highland lad, who had the Gaelic tongue, and something of the courteous Gaelic gentleness over general impudence. He came to teach the little schools in his and the adjacent hamlet, spending a few months in each. In between his teaching he found work on the farms at busy times. He

could drive as straight a furrow as any man on the hillside, and swing any axe as easily with the best and fastest. Folks said he was saving to put himself through College and become a minister. He was quiet, grave beyond his years, a great reader, with a profound reverence for poetry that he would recite, when stirred out of his reserve, with a compelling, fiery eloquence I will never forget. His gentle, polite ways made the rougher lads, at first, pick him as both for their practical jokes and classmate fun. Then they discovered another Peter. He could see his folk, with bewildering accuracy. He fought like a whirlwind, and there wasn't a man, big or little, in the Settlement, that the steel and whiplash of his hands would not put on his back and put there. He seemed, as we came to know him, a man as bold of fire and ice and power and patience. There was something of the heavy playmate, and something of the fire, keen ropes in him. Poor as pocket he had a pride and decency that the mob lost in the land could not have out-matched.

His courtesy to women was a revelation to us then. To him they were not mortals of common clay, to be flustered with or jaded about, but sisters, capable of order of beauty, to be worshipped and revered. His quiet politeness, never effusive, more often rebuked by the men, and some of the women too, who even less thought on worse of Peter because he seemed then finer and better than they really were.

HE and Anne Harland drew together like magnet and steel. Folks saw it, and expected they would marry and settle down, but they didn't, and it was the judgment of the Settlement that they were the queerest lovers ever known. They did not go out walking together. He never went to the house, he visited her with great hesitations when he set her, and always called her Mrs. Anne when he spoke of her. Some said he wished to marry her, but she would not hear of it. She knew what her own fate would be, she long struggle all their days with poverty, hardship, and maybe, crushed sadness. To put Peter to wood clearing, and swamp draining, and the discovery of game life, would be like harnessing a thoroughbred racer to a lumber wagon. He must go his way, get his money, enter the ministry, and then, if he didn't find someone he liked better—he laughed, talking it over with my mother—they were both about it again. They never even he declared lovers, each must have full liberty, he must take his way, and so, dear, she would be able to manage on the farm, when things began to run more smoothly. One change there was for Anne. Dreamhead, like the rest, saw how things were going, and he squinted and estimated the young Highlander in his mind, concluding that he was not a safe man to cross, whose the worse of his heart was recovered. So he was as an eye witness. The shield of Peter was over her. Dreamhead ever because friendly with the strange Scotsman, whose power alone he could understand.

To be Continued.



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